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BY THE AUTHOR OF

"DORA THORN"

### CHAPTER XII.

It was a bright warm autumn day; a few lateros were in bloom and the chrysanthemums were unusually fine. During all these long weeks I had forgotten Lady Aditha; but now I remembered her suddenly as the woman whom I understood Sir Adrain was to marry. I asked Lady Caryl where she was.

"Gone," she replied. Mrs. Roper has a great dread of illness. As soon as she knew that you had brain-fever, she left, and Lady Aditha went with her."

"I hope—" Then I paused, for the words seemed so difficult to utter. "I hope that my illness did not delay the marriage."

"What marriage?" asked Lady Caryl quickly.

"Did I dream it? I had many dreams when I was ill, and they were so real. I am confused at times. I thought Sir Adrain and Lady Aditha were to be married."

Lady Caryl looked a little perplexed.

"I told you that," she said. "I ought to explain Lady Aditha's mother and I were great friends, and our children were playmates twenty years ago. It was her mother and I who talked about their marriage then, and I have wished for it ever since."

"Then they were not engaged?" I queried.

"Not perhaps in the sense of the word," she replied; "but I have always looked upon them as an engaged couple. I have always thought of Lady Aditha as my son's wife."

"And he has done the same, I suppose?" was my remark; but she did not seem quite so sure of it.

Shortly afterward Mr. Graham came in, followed by Sir Adrain; and when my eyes fell once more upon his face, I forgot everything. I had seen it last in the moonlight in that supreme hour of my life when he had taken the papers from me.

"Gracia," he said, as he took my hand, "I am so pleased to see you again." Then he sat down by my side, and to my foolish happy heart it was as though he had taken possession of me.

There could be no question, Mr. Graham said, as to the validity of the papers none as to my rights. I was indeed heiress of Heron's Nest. Then I made my petition to them, and it was that they would not take Heron's Nest from Sir Adrain, but let him keep it. I would accept money from them—enough to live comfortably on—enough to live in luxury—but not Heron's Nest. Sir Adrain loved it, let him keep it.

"You do love it, do you not?" I said turning to him.

"I do," he returned earnestly, "for it holds the noblest heart in the world."

"But you love it for itself, do you not?" I asked again.

"Yes," he answered, with a smile that I never forgot.

"Let me give it to him. Let me make it legally his!" I entreated. But Mr. Graham shook his head.

"It cannot be done, Miss Daere. Heron's Nest is yours and you must keep it."

Sir Adrain bent down and kissed my hand.

"There could be no better mistress for it, Gracia," he said.

It was arranged that I should remain where I was until Christmas, and that Lady Caryl should stay with me.

"Do you know where I am going, Gracia?" Sir Adrain whispered presently.

I forgot that any one else was near—I forgot Lady Caryl and the lawyer as I clung to the hands that held mine.

"Where are you going?" I asked quickly. "Oh, Sir Adrain, do not go! Stay here!"

He bent his head still lower.

"Gracia," he said, in a low tone "I could not stay here just now, dear. It would be hardly right. I am going to Spain. I shall see the old church in Granada where your mother and the squire were married, and I shall see the white marble cross with the name 'Isola' upon it. Are you content?"

"Must you go?" I cried.

"Yes, Gracia," he said, "it is imperative, but I shall be back for Christmas, and you will be quite well by then. I shall go, hoping to find you better—nay, well—when I return."

He went, and I, growing better and stronger every day, did nothing but count the hours until his return.

### CHAPTER XII.

It was Christmas Eve again, but how changed was all the world to me! Last year a nameless outcast, this year I was Gracia Daere, heiress of Heron's Nest, and, with swiftly falling tears, I offered up my thanks to Heaven.

Nothing could have been kinder than the world's welcome to me. I contrasted it with that accorded to me when I first came to the old manor-house. I learned many lessons then that I should never have learned otherwise. The wonder excited by my story did not last long. I heard afterward that no one was very much surprised, people confessed that they had not thought of it before. The neighboring residents welcomed me most heartily, while they approved highly of Lady Caryl, they said she had done the right and proper thing—that by remaining with me for a time, she had shown the greatest magnanimity and generosity, and the whole country warmed to her ladyship as it had never warmed before.

Lady Caryl thought it better to change most of the new servants, but not the old ones, they were only too delighted to know that I was the old squire's daughter.

I must confess that I enjoyed the first call made by Mrs. and Miss Sale. When I was simply Gracia, without a second name, they had treated me with the coldest contempt, they treated Miss Daere with the utmost respect. Mrs. Sale—held out her arms to me, and would have embraced me, but I could not suffer her to do that.

"My dearest child," she cried effusively, "you must do your best to make up for those wasted years now. Anything we can do—my daughter and myself—we will do willingly."

Lady Caryl cut her rapture very short.

"To think," sighed Mrs. Sale, "that the last of the Dacres was living among us, and we would not know it!"

She made me many overtures of friendship, and her daughter who had never had a civil word for the friendless girl, was fawningly polite to the heiress of Heron's Nest, but I could not encourage their advances.

Lady Caryl, in talking to me about the future, said that she fancied Sir Adrain would purchase an estate in Norfolk. She expressed great affection for me, and said that, if the idea met with my approval, I should spend next season in town with her. I did not tell her why the suggestion pleased me so much. I knew that if I were in town with her, I should see her son almost every day.

Sir Adrain wrote to me from Spain, and told me that he had seen the church where my mother and father were married—that he had seen the marriage register and the marble monument that bore the name of "Isola." He added—and I kissed the written words again and again—that he should be back at Christmas, and hoped to spend it at Heron's Nest.

And Christmas came with a pure mantle of white snow and a crown of green holly. All that had passed since the Christmas before would have seemed like a dream

but that it was so happily true. This Christmas Eve was exactly like the last, cold and clear and beautiful, with the stars shining brightly. There amongst them shone a luminous star that had led me only last year to the postern-gate. Little need I to ask whither its light had led me now! I could bear the bells chiming, as I had heard them years before.

"Christmas is come! Christmas is come! Every word came so clearly to me over the snow."

Heron's Nest that Christmas Eve looked most picturesque, and I had taken great pains to make it so. Mistletoe and holly hung in profusion on the walls of the grand old mansion. Christmas was indeed come, bringing with it love and peace. No harsh words disturbed the harmony that reigned throughout the house.

I had resisted every effort that Lady Caryl made to relinquish her position. I was determined that, so long as she remained in the house she should be complete mistress of it and when she discovered that she showed the appreciation by increased kindness to me. We had both agreed that the old manor-house looked its fairest and best on Christmas Eve. Every picture-frame, every pillar was wreathed with holly and laurel. There was no doubt about its being Christmas, and the gay appearance of Heron's Nest unmistakably proclaimed it.

Sir Adrain was to come that night, just as he had done on Christmas Eve the year before, through the starlight, over the snow. Oh, happy Christmas that was to bring him to me! I did not reflect whether his stay would be long or short; I did not try to see any ending; all my thoughts were concentrated on the fact that I was to see him.

Lady Caryl had ordered my dress—pale rose silk trimmed with white tulle—and I wore diamond ornaments. I—who last Christmas was a friendless dependent—wore the Daere diamonds, and at my throat and in my hair was fastened a sprig of laurel.

May Heaven forgive me if, as I looked in the glass, I felt a thrill of pride! I could not help seeing then that I was beautiful, and I was glad.

The bells of Heronsdale church had not ceased chiming, and the moon was shining white and high in the heavens. Feeling restless and impatient, I went to one of the windows of the drawing-room, whence I could see the drive. This was my home now, and I must bid him welcome to it.

When at last I saw the carriage, I never thought of etiquette, but hastened to the hall door to be the first to greet him; and I remember no more until a handsome face, cold with the fresh air, touched mine, and the voice I loved best on earth cried "Gracia!" Then I bade him welcome home. After that both of us must have forgotten everything else in the world but each other, as we stood on the top of the great flight of steps by the wide open hall door, the ruddy lights streaming out upon the snow.

Presently he unclasped his arms, and going into the hall, he took down a large fur cloak that was hanging there and wrapped it round me.

"Come with me, Gracia," he said. I have something to say to you; and I can say it nowhere else but at the old postern-gate."

I went with him down the terrace steps, across the lawn to the postern gate. The ivy-mantled wall was covered with snow, as it had been a twelve month before, and the bright Christmas star was shining overhead. I did not tremble; but a feeling of awe came over me. He had not spoken as we walked along; but when we stood near the ivy and the snow fell, he caught me in his arms and kissed me passionately.

"Oh, Gracia," he cried, "here, where the light of the star first led you to me—let me ask you—will you be my wife?"

I took courage, and looked up into his face.

"What of Lady Aditha?" I asked, blushing.

"Lady Aditha is going to marry the Duke of Cortland," he laughed. "She was very fond of me when I was a little boy; but to tell the truth, Gracia, she ceased to care for me when she found that I had lost Heron's Nest."

"Did you care?" I asked falteringly.

"Not at all. Why, Gracia, I have always loved you, and no one but you!" On the night I first saw you—you, with your beautiful dark eyes and sweet quaint name—I loved you. I loved you then, and I have loved you ever since. Will you be my wife, Gracia?"

I could not speak for very excess of joy.

"I shall never love any one else," he went on. "My love for you, Gracia, will never change. Will you be my wife?"

I said "Yes;" and then I in my turn told him how I had loved him.

So we plighted our troth under the light of the stars, with the Christmas snow lying white on the ground and the bells chiming—a troth that has never been broken, and will be kept while life lasts.

It was thither that the light of the Christmas star had led me, and its rays shine warm in my heart even now.

(THE END.)

You don't have to know whether your goods are wool or cotton; it makes no difference if you use Putnam Fadeless Dyes. They color any fiber at one boiling, in the same kettle. 10c per package. Sold by B. F. Henry, J. I. Fowler and Fout & McChesney.

Notice of Final Settlement.

State of Missouri, ) ss.  
County of Adair, ) ss.

Final settlement of the estate of Newton A. Baylor, deceased. Notice is hereby given to all creditors and others interested in the estate of Newton A. Baylor, deceased, that I, Minnie Baylor executrix of said estate, intend to make final settlement thereof at the next term of the probate court of Adair county, to be held at Kirksville, on the 10th day of February, 1896.

MINNIE BAYLOR.

Read Ayer's Almanac, which your druggist will gladly hand you, and note the wonderful cures of rheumatism, catarrh, scrofula, dyspepsia, eczema, debility, humors, and sores, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the only Sarsaparilla admitted at the World's Fair.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c per box. For sale by B. F. Henry's druggist.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklin & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of constipation and sick headache. For biliousness and liver troubles they have been proven invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to the stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c per box. Sold by B. F. Henry druggist.

"I have been a victim to terrible headaches," writes C. F. Newman, Dug Spur, Va., "and have never found anything to relieve them so quickly as Ayer's Pills. Since I began taking this medicine the attacks have been less frequent till they have ceased altogether."

Martz & Greene have money to loan on farm property.

## HAWAII, THE "PEARL OF THE PACIFIC."

The Second of a Series of Letters by John R. Musick.

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THE CITY OF HONOLULU—A BIT OF ITS HISTORY, AND A CLIMB UP TO THE "PUNCH BOWL."

Honolulu dates its existence as a town from 1816. Before this date it was a mere fishing village. At the time mentioned there were several white men on the islands, among them one John Young, whose romantic career almost rivals that of Captain John Smith.

Young had been a mate on the American vessel Eleanor, and had been captured by King Kamehameha together with a sailor named Davis from a little schooner, The Fair American. The commander and all his crew, save Davis, were killed by the savages, Kamehameha sparing Young and Davis only because they were expert in the use of fire-arms. When all of the islands had been brought under the control of Kamehameha, John Young was made governor of Hawaii, the largest island of the group.

Young was a man of more than ordinary ability. He became a true subject of Kamehameha, and his successor on the throne. In 1815 he advised the erection of a fort at Honolulu, to command the harbor. He was given full power to direct its construction, and early in January, 1816, the fort was begun and completed the same year. This fort was nearly square measuring between three and four hundred feet on a side, with walls about twelve feet high and twenty feet thick. It was built of hard rock and had embrasures for cannon. It stood on the seaward side of what is now Queen street, and across the lower part of Fort street. About forty guns—six, eight, and twelve pounders—were afterward mounted, and the fort placed under command of Captain Beckley.

In November 1820, the king moved his court to Honolulu. Mr. Thurston and his wife, two pioneer missionaries, accompanying him. Ever since, Honolulu has been the seat of government for the islands.

In the afternoon of the day of my arrival I decided to take a stroll about this beautiful little city of the tropics and "see the sights."

These "sights" are well worth crossing a continent and an ocean to see. They are such as no pen can describe, no camera depict, no painter place on canvass. The beauties and blessings which nature has so abundantly bestowed on these islands must be seen to be appreciated.

Perhaps the most beautiful tree in the world is the Royal Palm which grows on the Sandwich Islands. In her forthcoming book, entitled "Around the World with the 'White Ribbon,'" Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt says:

"The Royal Palm, introduced here from the West Indies, combining the beauty of architecture in its perfectly symmetrical, highly polished and beautifully colored columnar trunk, with the swaying grace of its long plume-like leaves, easily takes a place second to none in the world."

Her description is neither overdrawn nor incorrect. So smooth and symmetrical are these "columnar trunks" that a gentleman who was with me, asked a citizen if they did not scrape the bodies of the trees, or sand-paper them.

There are few residences in the city which are not surrounded with palms. The city is rich in vegetation. The houses are not usually grand or imposing, but very picturesque, and the grounds are ample. The Honolulu thinks more of his lawns than of his house. The approach to the house is generally through a veritable flower garden. Usually there is an avenue of palms, between

which are numerous plants or shrubs, crimson, vermillion, and gold. A tall cactus often reaches the height of twenty feet, with flowers of every hue, and the banana spreads its broad leaves before you. Oranges, dates, and figs grow in the yards and gardens.

Almost everything is tropical. A few plants, trees, and flowers may be seen which grow also in a colder climate, but they reach such gigantic proportions, and are of such gorgeous colors as to be hardly recognizable. Great trees that look as though they might have had fifty years of growth, were planted by people who are still in middle age. Walk into one of the numerous yards where plants, and trees, and vines are growing, as though on their native soil, and you will find that every one of them has been imported within a comparatively recent period. Almost every quarter of the subtropical world has been laid under tribute. Here is the rubber tree, the banyan, the baobab, the litchee, the avocado, the mango, and palms innumerable. Here also are the brilliant and gaudy banyan villas, the prolific plumeria, the night-blooming cereus, and the bright and attractive cortons.

We have in this an illustration of the beneficent transformations effected by the enterprise of the foreigners in Hawaii. From the days of Vancouver, the foreign residents have been tireless in introducing ornamental and useful plants.

A smooth path of crushed and cinder-like lava usually leads from the front gate to the residence which is almost hidden in its gorgeous surroundings of rich tropical verdure. There are a thousand shady nooks and cool retreats inviting one to come in and rest from the dust and heat.

The houses of the Americans are the most imposing and beautiful, excepting only the public buildings. They are most beautifully decorated with the greatest variety of trees, flowers, plants, and shrubs, tastefully painted and ornamented. The native Hawaiian also paints his house, and gives much care to the ornamentation of his grounds, while the Chinaman's house is unpainted, but picturesque in its Oriental style of architecture. Chinese houses in Honolulu are built just as they are in Hong Kong. They are usually two stories in height, small and quaint, with the balcony fronting on the street.

At almost every hour you can see the almond-eyed Celestial with his Oriental dress even to the saucer shaped bamboo hat, a long pole on his shoulder with a weight on each end that would stagger a common man, joggling along at a dog trot, a pace at which he never seems to weary. Long experience has made him skillful in carrying large burdens.

While passing a Chinese restaurant in company with several of my acquaintances, we were startled by a crash, and immediately there was such a commotion among the Japs and Chinamen that one might have supposed the China-Japanese War had broken out afresh. Suddenly a sailor from the U. S. man-of-war Bennington came bounding through the crowd with a native policeman holding to each arm.

Do You Use Tobacco?

Do you want to quit? If so, buy a box of Dr. A. M. Thompson's tobacco cure; perfectly harmless. After fourth day you do not need tobacco in your business. Dr. Rankin has it for sale, \$1 per box.

Notice.

Eighteen ninety six is here. There are a few accounts and notes due the estate of Robt. Clark that have not been settled. All persons owing the said estate will please call and settle same at once.

EVALINE A. CLARK, Administratrix.

## Trustee's Sale.

Whereas Albert F. Hughes and his wife S. Hughes by their certain deed of trust, dated the 1st day of February 1893, and recorded in the Recorder's office of Adair county, Missouri, at deed book "V" at page 36, conveyed to James H. Reynolds as trustee all their right, title, interest and estate in and to the following described real estate situated in the county of Adair and state of Missouri, to-wit:

The north east fourth of the north west quarter of section twenty one, 2, in township sixty four, 64, of range thirteen, 13, containing 40 acres more or less which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note in said deed described, and whereas this is provided in said deed of trust that in case of the absence, death, removal, refusal to act, or disability in any wise of the above mentioned trustees, then the acting sheriff of Adair county, Missouri, may proceed to sell the property hereinbefore described, and whereas the said James H. Reynolds refuses to act as said trustee and whereas the said note has become due and remains unpaid, now therefore in accordance with the stipulations in said deed of trust I do hereby request of the legal holder of said note I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate at the court house door in the city of Kirksville, Adair county, Missouri, to the highest bidder for cash at public auction on

Monday, February 10th, 1896, between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon, and five o'clock in the afternoon of that day to satisfy said note together with the cost and expense of executing trust this January 24th, 1896.

GEORGE W. RUPP, Sheriff and Acting Trustee.

## Notice of Final Settlement.

Final settlement of the estate of Julia A. Vaughn deceased. Notice is hereby to all creditors and others interested in the estate of Julia A. Vaughn deceased, that I, A. H. Burns administrator of said estate, intend to make final settlement thereof at the next term probate court of Adair county, to be held at Kirksville, on the 10th day of February 1896.

A. H. BURNS.

## A. P. WILLARD, Physician and Surgeon.

Continues the practice in all the branches of the profession. Treatment of Chronic Diseases and Injuries a specialty by the aid of Electro-magnetism. Office—North side of public square; hours 9 to 12 a. m. to 5 p. m.; residence one block north on Franklin street, No. 30.

## DR. J. E. DUNBAR & CO. SPECIALISTS

of recognized ability have permanently located in Kirksville and offer their services to all those who are afflicted with diseases of a chronic nature. BRANCH OFFICE: KIRKSVILLE, MO. ADDRESS BOX 6, KANSAS CITY, MO.

No Cure, No Pay. No Hindrance to Business. PILES, FISSURE, STRICTURE OR ULCERS OF THE RECTUM, HERNIA OR RUPTURE PERFECTLY Cured without use of knife, or Ligature. Dr. J. E. Dunbar, formerly of St. Louis, and late surgeon in charge of the Kansas City eye and ear infirmary. Consultation and examination free. Office Parture over Union Bank. Office Hours—9 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 5 p. m. Sunday, 9 to 12 a. m.

W. L. Smiths shoe shop is in the Spencer block, opposite V. Miller's lumber yard, where you will find him ready to turn out all kinds of work on short notice.

## WINE FOR WOMEN!

Woman's modesty and ignorance of danger often cause her to endure pains and suffer torture rather than consult a physician about important subjects.

Pains in the head, neck, back, hips, limbs and lower bowels at monthly intervals, indicate alarming derangements.

McELREE'S WINE OF CARDUI

is a harmless Bitter Wine without intoxicating qualities. Taken at the proper time it relieves pain, corrects derangements, quiets nervousness and cures Whites, Falling of the Womb and Suppressed or too Frequent Menses. Price \$1.

For Sale by Medicine Dealers.

## "Saved My Life" A VETERAN'S STORY.

"Several years ago, while in Fort Snelling, Minn., I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough, that allowed me no rest day or night. The doctors after exhausting their remedies, pronounced my case hopeless, saying they could do no more for me. At this time a bottle of

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral was sent to me by a friend who urged me to take it, which I did, and soon after I was greatly relieved, and in a short time was completely cured. I have never had much of a cough since that time, and I firmly believe Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life."—W. H. WARD, 8 Quimby Av., Lowell, Mass.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Highest Awards at World's Fair.

AYER'S PILLS cure Indigestion and Headache

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral

Highest Awards at World's Fair.

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral

Highest Awards at World's Fair.